

JANUARY 24/88

COMMUNITY  
OF LOVE  
at peace river

READING  
YOUR  
NEWSPAPER

... IS NOT  
ALL BLACK!  
AND  
WHITE!

CARTOONS  
BY  
CRANE

THEATRE OF THE DEAF

Vermont  
teens  
think  
SNOW

creative  
arts



**Youth** / Volume 20  
Number 2

January 26, 1969

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BY LAURA-JEAN MASHRICK / "Your feet get cold, but after a while you forget about them," was the way one of the kids put it. Cold feet and cold hands are two (or four) of the liabilities of an out-door winter job. But in Vermont, and other areas of the country where winter sports are fun for tourists and a source of income for local citizens, a lot of people—kids and adults—put up with cold hands and feet in order to earn some cold cash.

Tom Bennett is one of these kids. Now a junior at Rutland High, Tom is originally from the Stowe, Vt., area—one of the oldest ski resort towns in the country. He learned to ski there when he was three years old. His family moved to Rutland three years ago, and for the past two winters Tom has worked as a "stapler" at the Mt. Killington ski area.

What is a *stapler*? He's the guy who fastens your tow-lift ticket to your ski-jacket. Most skiers buy an all-day ticket, which at Killington costs \$8.50 for the day. From 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., Tom stands in a semi-



come from many states. Tom (left) works as a "stapler."

All photos by the author



Skiers stack their skis on racks before going into the lodge for lunch; others line up to purchase their tow ticket for the day.



## **"There are recreation opportunities**

sheltered area, inserts a T-shaped steel pin through a zipper pull belt loop on a skier's jacket, and staples his tow ticket to the pin. For this, he earns \$1.35 an hour. Local teens and adults work in various capacities at the Killington area—there are jobs in the cafeteria and restaurants, in the equipment rental shops, in the ski-shops, in the repair shop, and at the lifts. Some of these jobs pay better than others, but all are in demand. "Last summer," Tom reported, "I submitted applications for a job to every department up here and hoped I might hear from one—and I did. I guess I got it because I worked here before."

Last year Tom started out in the ski-patrol, a voluntary organization of skiers who rescue those who have an accident on the slopes. Sounds exciting, perhaps. "Not really," said Tom. "We didn't do very much. During the whole day all we did was sit in the hut at the top and wait for somebody to get hurt. While we were sitting up there we had lectures, clinics, and some practice. We did that everyday—and after a while, just sitting around and doing nothing gets boring. Besides, I figured I could be earning some money in the time I was spending just sitting around, so I started stapling."

How many tickets would he and the guys working with him staple on an average day? Tom figured about 900. That 900 would represent only the skiers using the lifts in the "intermediate" ski area called Ram



## ar around — and jobs, too!"

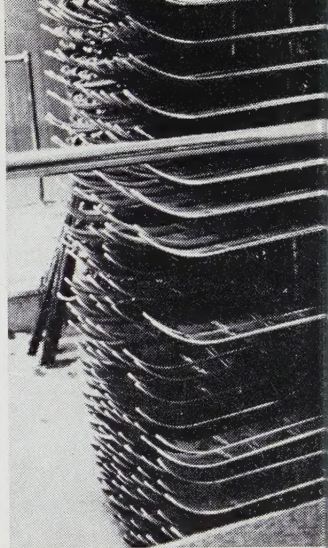
lead. At Killington there are several ski areas, Tom explained: "Snowdon is for beginners; then Ram's Head for intermediates; and Killington top at the top for experts. There's a place—Snowdon—in between, it's got both intermediate and expert trails and one novice trail. Then up on top of the mountain they have beginner, intermediate, and expert lifts—so there's a good variety."

Killington has been operating about nine years. The land is owned by the state of Vermont, but the ski operation is run by a corporation. The Killington ski area is part of a large recreation area, which includes another ski area—Pico Peak; two lakes; a state camping area; and a proposed man-made marsh wild-life management area. "This means," Tom explained, "that there's opportunity for summer jobs here, too. You can do something here all year round."

At \$8.50 a day, not counting equipment rental, skiing is expensive. So, who does the skiing? "At Killington," Tom answered, "most of the people are from out-of-state. We don't have too many locals here. Right now, this whole season I think is going to be out-of-staters. We have a lot of week-end ski trips that come up—that's what all those buses are over there."

A quick glance at the license plates in the parking lots is instant verification of Tom's observation. Most skiers at Killington seem to come





### Skiers away from home often "open

from New York and New Jersey—the majority of the others are from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Canada, Delaware, Washington, D.C., Ohio, and Maryland, in that order, with a smattering of people from a variety of other states. The day we talked with Tom one car was from as far away as California. Most of these people are week-end skiers who leave home on Friday night or early Saturday, arrive at Killington and ski all day Saturday and Sunday morning, and head for home on Sunday afternoon.

Ed Hall, another high school student who works alongside Tom, commented: "People here are really obnoxious; they run right through trying to get as much skiing in as they can during the day." Both Ed and Tom agreed that there was a difference in atmosphere between Killington slopes which cater to out-of-staters, and the Pico area where there is a preponderance of local skiers. Ed added, "At Pico you know everybody; everybody skies together. All the parents become friends. Over here, nobody knows anybody, so nobody cares. And, here you see all the real cool outfits—some ladies can't ski for anything, but they really dress up cool with their status sweaters."

It's not exactly true that "nobody cares" at Killington. The churches of Vermont have had an increasing concern for the out-of-state and week-end visitors in their midst. In 1967, a three-year ministry project



Skiers bring their own equipment on car racks, or rent it in the slopes' rental shop. The Rev. Julius Roehl ministers to both skiers and ski-slope employees.

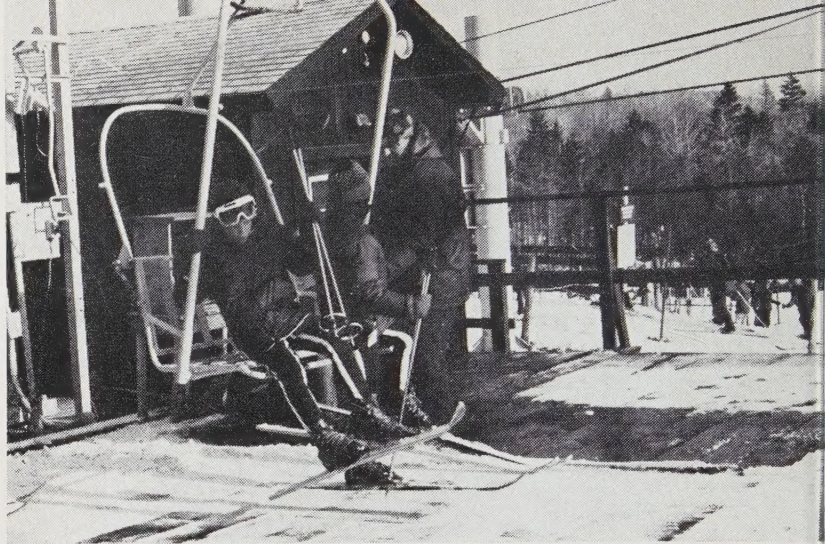
## a sympathetic listener

was launched in the Killington-Pico area. Local churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic, with state and national support, hired the Rev. Julius Roehl to head the Killington-Pico Area Ecumenical Project. With an office space at Killington, Mr. Roehl maintains a listening-counseling ministry to the skiers and employees on the slopes. He attempts to be available as a caring presence to the ticket sellers, staplers, ski instructors, cafeteria workers, ski patrol, and management personnel. And he attempts to minister to the transient skiing population—who may find it easier to discuss their personal problems with a sympathetic stranger than with the minister or priest in their own community. One of his main jobs is to find out what the needs of such a “leisure” community are so that churches can work together to meet these needs.

He reported to us that the majority of skiers are young (52% at Killington are under 30 years old), are well educated (most have finished college), and are fairly well off financially (only 15% earn less than \$5000 per year). And, he pointed out that one reason jobs at Killington were in such demand was that those who work there have free use of the ski-slopes. Tom, for example, who finished work at 2 p.m., then skies till the lifts close at 4 p.m.

We asked Mr. Roehl if local Vermonters resent the influx of out-of-staters into their quiet towns and communities. He replied that perhaps





### *"Some ladies can't ski, but they really do."*

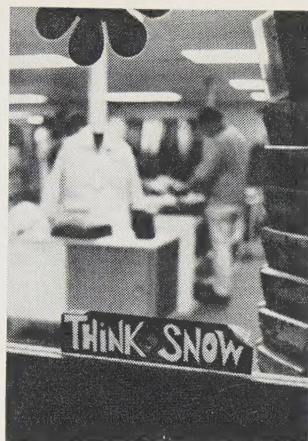
some of the older residents are unhappy with the changes that are occurring, but that most people are now in some way financially involved in these changes—tourism is Vermont's fastest growing industry—and that these people don't mind the changes.

Tom added a further dimension to this answer when he said, "I like to see people come up. I get tired of seeing the same old people down after day. Last year my friend and I must have met 60 to 75 girls. We'd always take them down to the Sugar Shack—that's the place for people under 21. When I come up to work on Saturday mornings, they usually stay for the dance on Saturday night."

While most skiers at Killington seemed to be on the intermediate slopes, the beginner's slope was also very busy. There were fewer skiers in the "expert" area. We asked Tom, since he works in the intermediate area, if most people ski pretty well.

"That's a matter of opinion," he replied. "You really can't put it on a factual basis. To one person, they may be very good, to another person they may be lousy. For example, I ski up on top, and we get people up there who are really just beginners. They want to take the expert trail, but they're just creeping along, and then, by accident, they might fall or break their leg or something. So, I tell them to go down





Wherever skiers gather—New England, the Rockies, the Poconos, or the Alps—all look forward to a long winter and "think snow."

**ool in their status sweaters!"**

to the beginner's area. Sometimes they take my advice, sometimes they don't like it, but there isn't much I can do about it."

Tom is currently taking a trade course at Rutland High; he wasn't doing too well in the college prep course and switched over this year. His current plans are to enlist in the Navy after high school. But, after that . . . "I've been thinking I might like to attend Andover-Newton Theological School. I went down there for a week-end conference, and I liked what I saw. In some ways, I'm kind of mixed-up—I don't know what I want to do, but I know I want to do something that's going to do something. I don't want to dig ditches all my life."

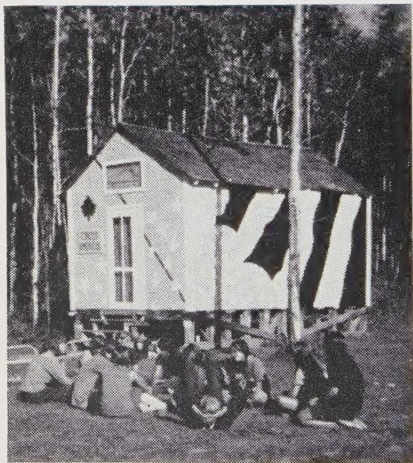
Does this mean he'll come back to Vermont?

"Yeah—to ski! I like Stowe; when you've been brought up in a place, it's hard to leave it. I'd like to come back and ski up here. Also, I think I'd like to go out to Colorado. The snow out there is fabulous. It's drier. When you get real powder here people say it's really great—but out there it would be considered wet snow. It's unbelievable out there! I haven't been there, but my friend has. He says you can go down any trail, whether it's packed or not—it's like skiing through a cloud." ▼



# EXPERIMENTAL COMMUNITY OF LOVE AT PEACE RIVER

"Circus Americus" is the former old chapel at Peace River. The Californians' psychedelic paint job added red-and-white stripes with a six-foot blue peace symbol to the far side. The back read "To Canada with love."



BY ANNIE FEISE & SCOTT PECK  
"Why did we travel 2000 miles to get *here*?" That was our first reaction on reaching Camp Artaban. But this was only our first reaction. Getting seasick, being on the radio, counseling kids, paneling a cabin, peeling potatoes, being together—all were part of our summer's experiences as we, 40 teenagers and two adults from St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Palo Alto, Calif., journeyed to the shore of "Lac Cardinal" in northern Alberta, Canada, to counsel campers and physically reconstruct that camp, named for the "fourth wiseman" who only found Christ at the cross.

This whole venture began about nine months before our day of departure. In the summer of 1966 our youth group had worked on a community rebuilding project in the ghetto area of the mid-peninsula about 30 miles south of San Francisco. After that experience, we decided to try for something more involved for the summer of 1968.

Thus in September 1967 eight letters were written to bishops and archbishops in the western provinces of Canada expressing the desire of our group to work for the summer. By December we had received seven positive responses and were forced to begin making some decisions. By spring we had narrowed our possibilities to a project in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and the camp in the Peace River county of northern Alberta. Peace River finally won out, first because they could take more of us, but also because they offered work in counseling as well as construction.



After much study, we found we needed about \$8000 in order to bring the summer project off. We made the decision to do it ourselves, that is—not ask for adult financial backing, and decided that each member of the group would be responsible for raising \$125 on his own. The entire group set to work to raise the additional \$3000 needed.

Our chief project was the production and recording of an album entitled "Sing and Play with Joy: A Folk Song Life of Christ." Our group had worked up this program that past year and had performed it to support local charities. In short, the show had been a great success for us and so we decided to cut a record. Sales went quite well—but we fell short on raising all we needed. So, in the final weeks, we launched a number of other projects—including two big teen dances, a Father's Day spaghetti dinner, and a "rent-a-kid" day where members of our group worked at odd jobs for a dollar an hour. Finally, we were set, and on June 27, at nine a. m., 42 of us (plus families, friends, and well wishers) met at St. Mark's to begin our journey.

We flew from San Francisco to Vancouver—and the next morning were off by bus, ferry, bus again, and finally by steamer. An "inland passage" trip up the coast of British Columbia proved to be the first travel by ship for most of us—and found many of us hanging over the rail, eating crackers furiously, and being generally sick and pale. The next morning, alive and well in St. Rupert, we began a long 12-hour train ride east which brought us to



"Travel was by plane, bus, and steamer—yet wherever and however we went, we would get out our guitars and sing."





Prince George, soft beds, warm showers, and no motion! But we still had two days of travel ahead—all by bus. In Dawson Creek, on our first Sunday away from St. Mark's, we gathered in a park in the afternoon, shared our thoughts, and gave thanks. Finally, we arrived at our July home—Camp Artaban.

Forty-two expectations were high as we entered the camp. We were greeted warmly by the Bishop of Athabasca ("His Grace" the Rt. Rev. Reginald James Pierce), plus the camp manager, the Rev. Ed "Pops" Williston, and the camp cook, introduced to us as "Aunt May."

However, *others* greeted us, too: Clouds of mosquitoes swarmed all over us as we stepped off our bus—almost as if they had been eagerly awaiting our arrival. We were rushed off to the dining hall for our first sampling of Artaban food. We had expected rather simple living, but we were little prepared for what we found . . . *no* running water; no electricity either—except that provided for three hours each evening in the dining hall. The outhouses were like all outhouses! But our biggest disappointment was the lake. We had expected a clear blue northern lake—but instead we found a rather scummy (and ice cold) lake whose brownish-green water contained little other than crawfish and leeches! It was amazing how we adjusted to some things—like bathing in the lake.

Nine cabins, in much need of repair, supplied sleeping accommodations. At one end of the row of cabins sat a dilapidated chapel which we were asked to rebuild into

a new dormitory. At the other end of the row stood a newer building that served as the "camp dean's cabin" for each camping session. Across the clearing stood another building in good shape—the camp chapel. There was a "tuck shoppe" used to store candy and soda pop for the campers, and finally, the barn-like dining hall. Many of us were ready to turn around and head back to California when we first surveyed this scene, but we soon grew accustomed to the simple conditions of the camp—and slowly began to love the place.

We had two main responsibilities at Camp Artaban. The first was to serve as camp counselors. There were three camp sessions in July: a ten-day camp for 49 boys, ages 11-15; a second ten-day camp for 17 campers, also aged 11-15; and a seven-day session for 68 eight-to-ten-year-old boys and girls. The "campers" were mostly farm kids from rural communities, or Indian children of either mixed-blood or pure-blood variety. It soon became obvious that we were observers of a "social system" Alberta style. The whites were at the top (mostly of British, Scandinavian, French or Ukrainian descent). Next came the pure-blood Indians—all from reservations of the Cree nation. At the bottom stood the *maïte*, the non-reservation Indians of mixed blood. At the beginning of each camp session there were very definite "boundary lines" of friendships along "blood" lines. Each camp session helped

"It rained two-thirds of the time we were at the camp—a fact which made our outdoor construction attempts all the more challenging."



somewhat in breaking down such boundaries, but the problem is deep-rooted and not easily solved.

Each day began with a wild wake-up song, followed by a "scrubbing" session in the lake, a flag raising (of both the maple leaf and the stars and stripes) and breakfast. Next came clean-up time—of dishes and cabins, inspection of the same, and morning chapel. (The older camps had daily Holy Communion, with instruction; the younger camp had a variety of morning services.) After chapel came swimming and canoeing instruction, handicrafts and campercrafts, then lunch, followed by "tuck shoppe." The afternoon saw more water instruction and crafts, including Royal Canadian Air Force survival instruction, tied in with small-group religious instruction.

As we tried our hand at counsel-

ing, we found that the campers generally asked intelligent, challenging questions about our beliefs. And . . . we didn't have as many answers as we thought we had! Dinner closed the afternoon, followed by games, then a campfire with songs, skits, cocoa, and just plain fun. A flag lowering ended the evening and it was time for bed for the campers. We Californians stayed up to watch the *sundown*, which occurred each evening about 11.

Our second main responsibility involved rebuilding the campsite. We began our month by repairing, linseed oiling, and then painting the nine small cabins, the dean's cabin, the new chapel, and "ye old tuck shoppe" . . . painting them such imaginative colors as barn red, metal grey, and tractor yellow (colors supplied by our hosts). But we trimmed them all with white and they somehow looked as if they belonged together. We named each cabin, as per instructions from the camp manager, after prominent citizens of the Peace River country who had, in the past, helped the camp. We named the dining hall ourselves—it shall be "Animal Farm" forever more.

Our major project was the rebuilding of the old chapel into a dormitory—almost from the ground up. We paneled walls, installed doors and windows, constructed 14 wooden bunks, and painted it with a psychedelic flag design. When we finished, we named the dorm "Circus Americus"—partly because it resembled a circus wagon, but mostly because of the Latin meaning of "American Circle," symbolic of our relationship with Canadian friends. ►







"Two highlights of our month were Sunday trips for worship to St. James Cathedral at Peace River."



"An evening campfire near the lakeshore—one that was a part of the first camp of 49 boys."

A further project undertaken was the paneling of the inside of "Animal Farm." We learned our apprentice carpenter skills quickly! We then began clearing land in a wooded area adjacent to the camp for an outdoor chapel. Trees were felled, bark was removed from numerous trunks, logs were cut and shaped, an altar was built and backed with a sanctuary backdrop of 25-foot-long logs stacked in a criss-cross manner. One of our boys constructed a wooden cross which we suspended by wire above the altar. Buckets and buckets of small stones were carried from the beach to put a finishing touch to the path to the chapel area. But the real "final touch" was the sign we hung at the chapel entrance—we christened it "St. Mark's" in respect to our home parish 2000 miles away.

In addition to our counseling and construction, our girls worked daily in shifts, in the kitchen, while the boys worked in shifts at cleaning outhouses—or finding ways (always new and different) of getting out of cleaning outhouses!

All our time, though, was *not* spent at work. We were continually and regularly invited into the homes of many gracious people in the Peace River country. On our first and last Sundays, we caravanned to St. James Cathedral in Peace River for Sunday morning services. On the first occasion, our group explained our presence to the congregation, then sang for them at coffee hour. In early July we were asked to do a half-hour radio show for the local Peace River station, which was great fun. The local newspaper and the diocesan newspaper of Athabasca did

stories on our work and presence.

Our most meaningful and long-to-be remembered activity were the evenings we gathered together to share an "agape" meal. *Agape* is a Greek word that means *love*. An "agape meal" is a simple form of communion in which bread and wine are shared; but more than that, the meals were a symbol of our giving to each other—and of all that we found and grew to love in Canada.

On our second and last visit to the cathedral in Peace River, our minister was honored by being asked to preach the sermon. That made for a great day for our group, but it was a sad day, too, for it signaled the preparation for our departure for home. The following Wednesday we celebrated our first and only communion in the newly completed "St. Mark's" chapel, and then, packed our bags, boarded a bus, and headed out of Camp Artaban and south.

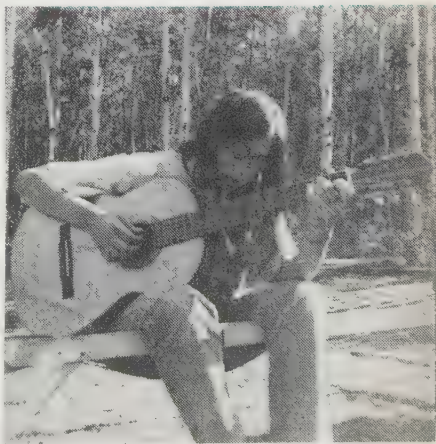
"Why did we do all this?" There are some obvious answers: We went to establish some kind of good will and relations with kids of another country; we went to have fun; we went to see western Canada; we went to help some people who had asked for our help. But that really doesn't express the full nature of our summer.

It was an experiment in community. We wanted to learn if 40 high school young people (and two not-that-much-older adults) could function as a "Christian community" for six weeks. This meant living, learning, and experiencing together. The rules were our own. Everyone's actions were dependent solely on his

own personal desire to be a part of the community. The venture was open to all members of our youth group on that basis. During the six weeks, any one of us could have left the community at just about any point. No one did. We had our successes and our failures, our comedies and our tragedies. And we had them all *together*, as a community.

The true test of our community, however, proved not to be at Camp Artaban. Instead, it came afterward—when the whole thing was over and we had returned to our homes in Palo Alto. Separated now by 2000 miles from Camp Artaban, and often from each other, we know that our *community* still exists. A real community is not held together by geography, by race, by affluence, by religion, by nationality or by any other such thing. It is held together by love—and we know it. ▼

"Always our guitars! The six guitars we had with us were in almost constant use."







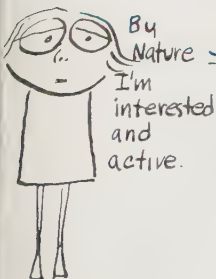
Through his imaginative and incisive cartoons, Jim Crane has become a well-read and respected commentator on the world scene. The cartoons on these pages are part of a series he is doing for YOUTH magazine.

# CRANE



I read  
Black Beauty  
last year for  
a book  
report.

Crane



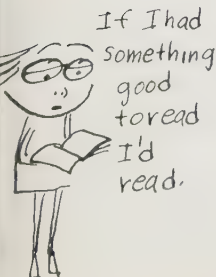
By  
Nature  
I'm  
interested  
and  
active.



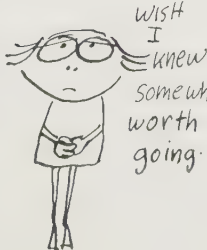
If  
there  
were  
something  
worth  
watching  
I'd  
watch



If there  
were  
someone  
worth  
calling  
I'd  
call.



If I had  
something  
good  
to read  
I'd  
read.



Wish  
I  
knew  
somewhere  
worth  
going.



guess  
I'll just  
go to  
bed  
early  
again  
tonight.

Crane



# CRANE

I walk  
into  
the  
principal  
office  
nice  
an  
polite



I say:  
"Mr. Howard  
why  
can't  
we  
have  
a course  
in Black  
History?"



He say  
"Boy, are  
you tryin'  
to run  
this  
school



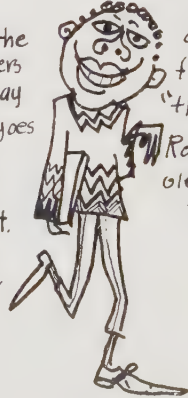
I say:  
'No, sir,  
but I  
would like  
to...'  
He say:  
'Good Day'  
so I split.



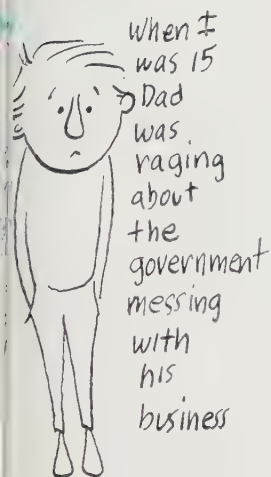
Now the  
teachers  
they say  
'there goes  
Robert  
he's a  
militant.  
a bad  
Boy!'



an my  
friends say  
'there goes  
Robert he's  
ole Uncle  
Tom!'



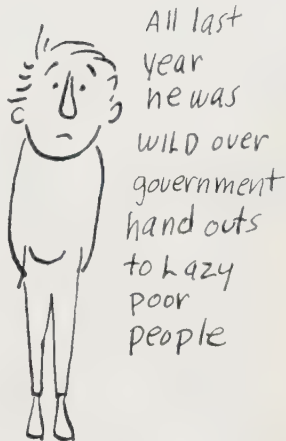
Crane



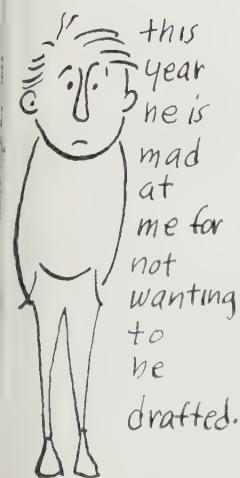
When I  
was 15  
Dad  
was  
raging  
about  
the  
government  
messing  
with  
his  
business



When I  
was 16  
he  
was  
Fussing  
over  
High  
income  
tax.



All last  
year  
he was  
WILD over  
government  
hand outs  
to lazy  
poor  
people



this  
year  
he is  
mad  
at  
me for  
not  
wanting  
to  
be  
drafted.



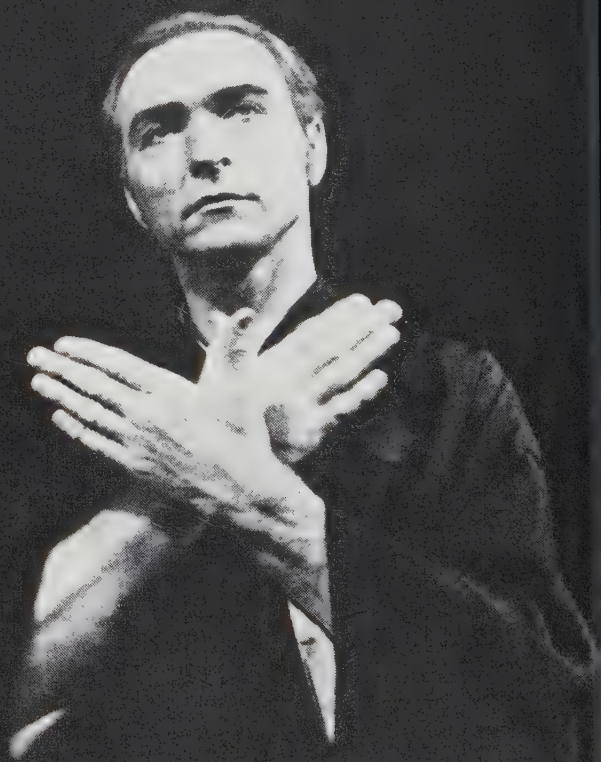
He  
says  
kids  
today  
aren't  
patriotic



Like  
they  
used  
to  
be.

Crane





My ears are deaf, and yet I seem to hear  
Sweet nature's music and the songs of man,  
For I have learned from Fancy's artisan  
How written words can thrill the inner ear  
Just as they move the heart and so for me  
They also seem to move out loud and free.  
In silent study, I have learned to tell  
Each secret shade of meaning, and to hear  
A magic harmony at, once sincere,  
That somehow notes the tinkle of a bell,  
The cooing of a dove, the swish of leaves,  
The raindrop's pitter-patter on the eaves,  
The lover's sigh, and thrumming of guitar—  
And, if I choose, the rustle of a star!

Photos by Eileen Ahrenholz

A scene from THE TALE OF KASANE

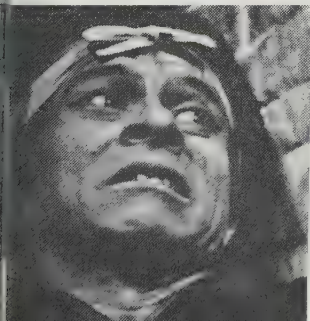
# BEYOND NATIONAL THEATRE OF THE DEAF WORDS







/rehearsal for THE TALE OF  
KASANE. Bottom / Scenes from  
other plays.



BY EILEEN AHRENHOLZ / A man, dressed completely in black, was at the center of the stage. His hands and body deftly spun words and images through the air. His face mirrored the emotion poured into each phrase of the poem. The silent elocuter was one of 13 deaf actors in the National Theater of the Deaf. The poem, "On his Deafness" by Robert F. Panara, is part of a series called *Tyger! Tyger! and Other Burnings*, one of six pieces in the repertoire offered by the NTD in their current nationwide fall tour.

The varied program ranges from the satirical comedy of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *The Critic* to the tragic drama of *The Tale of Kasane*, a classical Japanese play, by Tsuraya Namboku. It also includes a Commedia del Arte farce, *Gianni Schicchi*, a prose selection by Anton Chekov, "On the Harmfulness of Tobacco," and poetry selections from e e cummings, Rainer Marie Rilke, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Leonard Cohen and many others.

The idea for a theatre of the deaf germinated in 1964 during the production of *The Miracle Worker*. While Anne Bancroft was preparing for her role as Annie Sullivan, the companion and teacher to Helen Keller, she studied the manual sign language of the deaf. In the process, she met Dr. Edna Levine, a famous psychologist of the deaf who had a dream of starting a theatre of the deaf. Anne Bancroft became enthusiastic about the idea, and attempted to start such a project with David Hays and several other directors, all presently involved with



NTD. Their efforts failed, primarily because of financial difficulties.

In 1967, the "dream" was realized. The Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Foundation received a three-year federal grant to finance a three-week summer school for deaf actors at the foundation's headquarters in Waterford, Conn., and to sponsor a theatre for the deaf.

David Hays, who became the managing director, calls the NTD a language theatre. It extends the definition of language beyond the lexicon of syllabic sounds of conventional discourse. The quick, graceful finger motions of the language of the deaf, mime, dance and music are combined with simultaneous narration to produce a unique form of theatrical expression in which bodies and hands choreograph words and ideas and facial muscles articulate emotion.

Lou Fant, the only hearing actor in the company, and an authority on sign language, feels that manual language originated with the 16th century Spanish, Trappist monks who took vows of silence. They derived a sign language as a means of communication. The control of facial expression and the exaggerated body movements which all actors must learn, are a natural part of the ideographic and pantomimic language of the deaf. Basic finger symbols for each letter of the alphabet, combined with pictographic symbols, create a vocabulary of ideographs rather than words to be placed in grammatical sequence. The ideograph of quarrel is explained as follows in a manual of signs: "Hold the G hands out in front of you, forefingers pointed one

toward the other; throw fingers each other, and repeat several times or let ends of fingers drop and draw up again, imitating motion roosters fighting."

Coherency (Fluency) in sign language does not necessitate a knowledge of a large number of signs. A few signs coupled with an ability to utilize natural gestures and facial expressions are often sufficient to express an idea. An enthusiastic review in *Time* magazine said "pictures in the air . . . prove that a word in the hand is worth two in the mouth."

Students attending the summer school at the O'Neill Foundation take a course in sign mime, an adaptation of manual sign language and pantomime, which parallels the carefully engineered dramatic expression of the hearing theater. All work produced by the NTD must be translated into a form compatible with sign mime. Students take turns offering interpretations of passages from plays, endeavoring to create visual terms easily understood by deaf and hearing audiences. Teachers and students offer suggestions until a final form is evolved.

Sound Structures, massive floating forms which reflect the lights of the stage, were designed for the NTD by Francois Baschet, a famous French sculptor. The instruments serve primarily as an accompaniment to the actors' performances, although some of their vibrating tones can be felt as cues by the deaf actors. The instruments range in size from 12 feet tall and 6 feet wide to a 12-foot gong and smaller xylophone-type instruments. Their components are made of luminous glass

ods and gleaming metals, such as iron, steel and aluminum. Amplifiers are made of white plastic balloons, cardboard cones and metal pounding foils. Musician, John Basinger, plays them with moistened fingers, rubber mallets or bows producing a variety of new sounds.

The narrative overlay, although well done, is at times irritating, so great is the viewers' desire to become totally involved with the silent, eloquent body communication of the deaf actors. Director Gene Lasko says, "We think we can move beyond words. We want to evolve a theater, so compressed, so taut, so charged, that merely to speak is revolous."

The National Theatre of the Deaf

must not be confused with a theatre for the deaf. David Hays says, "The goals of the federal government, which is supporting the program, are social as well as artistic. We will bring theatre to a deprived deaf community. We will show bright, handsome deaf people to a world that maintains a distorted idea about them. We will break ground vocationally for deaf people, and we will give them the pride they deserve as a group contributing an outstanding form of art to the world." The hearing audience is being treated to a world of visual sounds they have never experienced before, by people who can sense even "the rustle of a star" if they choose. ▼

etween acts at rehearsals





# NEWSPAPER

TIPS ON HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF YOUR

**Rob Bus Of \$2,000 in Iowa**  
Iowa City, Iowa— (AP) Three bandits relieved a bus driver of \$2,000 in Iowa.

**Brooklyn School Chief Is Suspended**  
New York — (UPI) — The administrator of Brooklyn's Ocean View School District has been suspended for 30 days for his efforts in local strike on Nov. 15 on the grounds that he cooperated with the strikers.

**State to Check ACLU Data on 'Pro-Negro Bias'**  
New York — (UPI) — The state is to check the accuracy of data collected by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) on alleged "pro-Negro bias" in the state's courts.

**S. Korea Gets Copters**  
Seoul — (UPI) — U. S. military authorities are giving an undisclosed number of UH-1 helicopters to the South Korean army to help equip soldiers assigned the task of pursuing the North Korean army.

**Controversy Still Dark at 9 A. M.**  
New York — (UPI) — Five-year-old controversy over the death of Martin Luther King Jr. is still dark at 9 A. M. as the city's schools are closed for the day.

**Kennedy Urges More Spending On Crime War**  
Washington, D. C. — (UPI) — Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D-N.Y.) today urged greater federal financing of programs to combat the root causes of crime.

**Heart Study Set**  
Tel Aviv — (AP) — The U. S. government is financing a \$140,000 operation by Israeli doctors to investigate links between heart disease and road accidents which, the Ministry of Transport says, is the first such study ever undertaken.

**Vietnam War**  
Continued From First Page  
number of American aircraft shot down over North Vietnam. The loss was expected to have repercussions in Paris, where U. S., North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese and Viet Cong negotiators are preparing for talks on ending the war.

**Big Operation Ends**  
In the ground war today, U. S. Marines drove a band of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers to the banks of a river south of Da Nang, wiped them out and closed out the biggest cordoned operation of the war.

**Spokesmen said the leather jackets found the bodies of the 144 of the enemy in the aftermath of furious fighting yesterday.**

**U. S. Should Hire Reliefers, ADA Panelist Suggests**  
Washington — President-elect Nixon scored both an artistic and a political success last night when he went on the air to present his cabinet to the public.

**On TV Show**  
By ROBERT ROTH  
Bulletin Washington Bureau  
Washington — President-elect Nixon scored both an artistic and a political success last night when he went on the air to present his cabinet to the public.

**U. S. Should Hire Reliefers, ADA Panelist Suggests**  
Washington — President-elect Nixon scored both an artistic and a political success last night when he went on the air to present his cabinet to the public.

Reading a newspaper is more habit with most people—a pastime. But the newspaper is meant for more than entertainment. And until you discover why you should read a newspaper and what your own goals are, you cannot really learn what to look for, what to read, and how to read.

*In keeping its readers informed, certainly the best newspaper in the United States—and perhaps in the world—is The New York Times. So, we listen with interest when its Assistant Managing Editor, Theodore M. Bernstein, writes a booklet for teenagers, entitled, "Get More Out of Your Newspaper—A Guide to Reading Your Newspaper for Profit and Pleasure Every Day." He discusses why and how a person should read a newspaper, what the newspaper contains, what is news and how to appraise it, what editors do for the reader, and how the reader can help himself.*

*If you would like this 40-page booklet from which the following material was drawn, send ten cents and your name and address to "Get More Out of Your Newspaper," The New York Times, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.*

THEODORE M. BERNSTEIN / The main job of a newspaper is to supply information. If there were no great news-gathering organizations to furnish information, present-day life would not only be different but impossible.

### **Why do you need information?**

1. *It's the well-informed person who wins respect for his opinions.* Have you ever noticed in a discussion there is always one person in the room to whom the debaters keep turning for guidance, vindication, and arbitration? He is the person who keeps up with the latest news and developments of our times and who supplies the facts that refute false arguments. The well-informed person is a leader.

2. *In our day-to-day life, everybody is expected to know certain kinds of information.* When a new

school bus schedule is announced, or when a new law is passed, or when an official ceremony is planned, it is impossible to notify each citizen individually. But it is expected that he will know of these things. Naturally the individual turns to the newspaper. It supplies the information he needs in printed form so that he can digest it and re-read it if necessary and so that he can have it available at whatever time is convenient.

3. *Some kinds of information affect us in our occupations.* The business man must be alert to current prices and consumer buying habits. Court decisions and new laws are required reading for the attorney, reports on new books for the writer, accounts of educational activities for the teacher. The worker must know what unions are doing and how the trends of pay and living costs are moving. All these kinds of information are provided by the newspaper.

4. *Many remote events eventually come close to home.* Remote either in actual distance or in their apparent influence, many news events ultimately come to have a direct bearing on our lives. Unless we are well informed and have a sufficient background of knowledge to judge events, we may be taken by surprise.

5. *The whole theory of democracy presupposes an informed citizenry.* Democracy, of course, means rule by the people, and that means you, the citizen. And a good citizen needs to be informed—both about what his government is doing and about the many and complex



problems that confront the government—and hence you as an indirect participant.

To be thoroughly informed, you require a presentation that is comprehensive and that puts all things in proper proportion. The serious newspaper tries to give you this kind of full and balanced picture. Like a sensitive radar apparatus, it scans every corner of the globe constantly 24 hours a day—to apprise you of what is happening. Every day it assembles these tidings, turns them into type and delivers them to you in a fresh and tidy package.

### **How you can help yourself.**

Just as you can't squeeze a Beethoven symphony into a capsule, you can't expect to be informed about the day's news by swallowing a tiny tablet. There are some shortcuts, to be sure, to absorbing the news. But even so you will have to exert some effort and devote some of your crowded time to the task.

The best method is to make newspaper reading a part of your daily routine, like brushing your teeth or eating your lunch. You can always find time for those things, and newspaper reading is scarcely less important. It may take you as much as an hour to obtain a good grasp of what is going on. Perhaps an hour sounds forbidding, but the hour need not be in one piece.

Naturally, you will not be able to read everything in the paper. In fact, it would be foolish for you to attempt to do so. The editors do not work on the assumption that everything is going to be of interest to everybody. What they are trying to do is, rather, to satisfy interests of

all classes of the paper's readers.

Now for some injunctions of "do" and "don't" variety.

**Don't read merely the headlines.** The headline is a brief condensation of the main highlights of the news story. All the headline can do is to give you some informative clues to the contents of the story. If you confine your reading to headlines, you will have clues, but no news.

**Don't read merely the front page.** Although Page One does tempt to present all in one place the leading items of the day, there are at least four reasons why it is inadvisable to rely exclusively on that page for your information.

First, quantitatively the leading items are not the whole or even a major proportion of the day's happenings.

Second, Page One constitutes a limited amount of space and therefore can accommodate only a limited number of stories.

Third, today's inside-page story may well become tomorrow's front-page story. Big news often develops from small beginnings.

Fourth, although the front-page represents a composite of the expert judgment of several editors, there may be room for disagreement with the judgment of the editors. Some item that you or somebody else might consider to be worthy of Page One attention may appear on Page Ten. But if you confine your reading to the front page, you will never know about other important news.

**Don't be a one-subject reader.** If you confine your reading to

one or two subjects that interest you the most—let's say baseball or crime news—what you are doing is reading for entertainment rather than information. This is not to say that your reading on a wider range of subjects will be boring. When you start to read in fields that at first glance seem dull and uninteresting, a curious thing happens: they cease to be dull. Actually, there are no "dull" subjects; what we take to be dull subjects are simply those with which we are unfamiliar.

**Get the facts before forming opinions.** In particular, save the editorials and the columnists for the last in your schedule of newspaper reading. Read the news columns—the facts—first. Then try to form your own opinions about them.

To make our democracy work, it is important that citizens reach their own conclusions. And they cannot think for themselves nor form worthwhile opinions unless they have true and full information. Hence the injunction: Get the facts first.

**Avoid black-and-white thinking.** It would be easy if the world were all black and white or evil and good; if all the world's people were angels and devils or heroes and villains. Fortunately for the world, it is not constituted that way. There are very few blacks and very few whites; there are mostly varying shades of gray. Few things are wholly good or wholly bad; they are usually something in between.

If you were to listen unthinkingly to many statesmen and politicians, however, you would get the impression that there are only the extremes of good and bad; that is because

advocates of a cause try to help that cause by putting it in the best possible light and putting the opposition in the worst possible light.

What this adds up to is that in any controversial matter, you must get the facts—all the facts—before you make up your mind. When you have all the facts, the probabilities are that you will find the grays far outnumber the blacks and whites.

**Don't jump to conclusions.** Read carefully, so as not to get an erroneous impression of a story. Notice qualifying words like "alleged," or qualifying phrases like "the district attorney said," or qualifying sentences like "the police reconstructed the crime as follows." Don't accept a mere charge as a conviction, or a mere report as an established fact, or a mere plan as an accomplishment.

**Read the paper as a daily habit.** Each day's newspaper is another installment in the continuing story of the world. Regularity of reading is your best insurance of not missing anything and of being constantly up to date in your information. Newspaper reading, therefore, should become a purposeful habit. And the way to form a habit is by regular repetition. Set aside enough time in each day—preferably the same time daily—for your newspaper reading and do a thorough job. It may seem like a tough chore at first, but as the habit takes hold and as you become better acquainted with a larger number of subjects, you will find that instead of a chore, it is a pleasurable, stimulating exercise. ▼

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You don't have to do something psychedelic or way-out to enter YOUTH's 1969 Creative Arts Award Competition . . . all you have to do is do something original! Do your own thing! It can be a poem, a short story, a descriptive paragraph, a prayer—or a sketch, a watercolor, a woodprint, an oil painting—a photograph or a piece of sculpture. If you write, draw, sculpt or do photography, why not consider entering this year's competition?



Twenty-five dollars will be given to each young person whose piece of creative work is reproduced in YOUTH magazine in August 1969. Entries may be made in the following categories:

**CREATIVE WRITING** / We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-life story, drama, whatever you feel like writing. Again, we would remind you, Creative Writing entries will NOT be returned.

**ART WORK** / You may submit any type of art work which can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or ab-

stract art—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

**PHOTOS** / Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There is no limitation on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Place your name and address on the back of each photo so that it can be returned to you.

**SCULPTURE** / If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or wood carving which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of photos which best present all the dimensions of your work.

creative

> Here are the rules and guidelines:

1. You must be younger than 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be **yours**.
3. Each person may submit a total of five entries.
4. Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state). We would also be interested in knowing your local church affiliation.
5. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED—so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.
6. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1969.

# CREATIVE ARTS '69

Send your original piece of creative expression to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries, other than Creative Writing, will be returned.





Lord, I want to belong.  
Bill says, "Get a car."  
Fran tells me, "Win a letter."  
My dad says, "Study harder."  
John shouts, "Raise hell!"  
Kay asks, "Why not go steady?"  
I don't know which one is right.  
All those things might work, I guess.  
Still, each in its own way, Lord,  
is still a trap.  
And I choose to be free.

ROBERT R. HAUGEL